

# POETS *and* ARTISTS

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**The *IN PURSUIT*  
Collaboration Issue  
between  
Poets and Artists**



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**DIDI MENENDEZ**

*Creative Director*  
**I. M. BESS**

on the cover



*USA Today* by  
Denis Peterson  
page 43



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For submission guidelines and further information, please stop by [www.poetsandartists.com](http://www.poetsandartists.com)

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In Pursuit Of

# NOW

Artist:

**William Rose**

Poet:

**Jess Burnquist**



# In Search of Now

Beneath a bruised midnight sky  
Tasks align like stars. In a moment—  
Not until memory is articulated by song,  
Snapshots, a cinema unfolds before the chorus.

There, on the side of Sante Fe  
How wild strawberries stirred  
In the breeze of our bodies.

Or the empty house  
That didn't realize how empty  
It had been before we brought inside  
Paint fights, then pregnancy tests.

Self-reflection is cornered inside a mirror  
Streaked with regret and what tense is this?  
Am I present? Will you be?

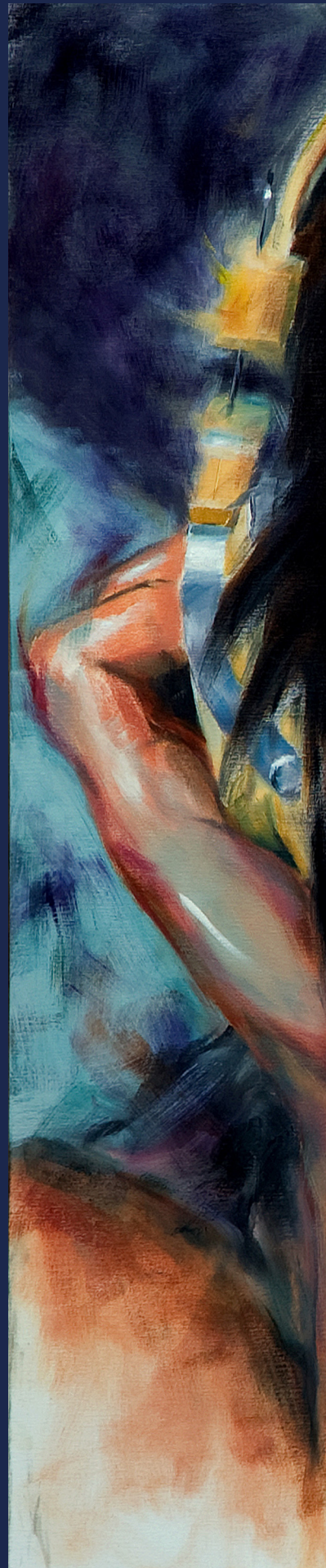
When the voice swells, please notice  
I am not quite sure how  
These lyrics managed to create a fence  
Between then and now.

Like that riddle...how tomorrow never  
Arrives. I can't locate myself without  
A soundtrack forcing confrontations  
Between should, could and would.

It feels important to pinpoint our path  
The way it has been muddled lately  
By weather, chocolate fingerprints,  
This radio clock that announces alarm  
Causing us to assess real value.

A wealth of questions in a minor key—  
Anyway, the music is wordless  
In spite of my efforts, and the moon  
Winks a promise to repeat itself.

*Listen*  
oil on canvas  
48"x48"









## William Rose

[www.williamroseart.com](http://www.williamroseart.com)



William Rose, a figurative/portrait artist from Kansas, is garnering considerable attention on a national level as one of a select group of very talented representational figurative artists painting today. Following creative bursts in music and writing, he nearly stumbled across a talent – that quickly turned into a passion –for drawing. A steady stream of requests for figurative and portrait work soon followed, primarily in the form of charcoal drawings, receiving commission requests from many high-profile local and national art collectors.

As William found himself gravitating to a broader, less linear style with charcoal work, he began painting. And as evidenced by his new works, he very quickly became accomplished at conveying with a brush, emotionally charged faces and figures with his creative use of color, texture and technique. “My desire with oil is to define and create with strokes of paint rather than simply brushing pigment between the lines.” His recent painting, “About Face”, the first in a series of large oils featuring faces and figures was published earlier this year in *Poets & Artists* where it attracted the attention of the prominent Chicago collector, Howard Tullman. “Needless to say I was thrilled to get a call from Mr. Tullman who proceeded to purchase my large canvas for his incredible collection of contemporary figurative work.”

In addition to appearing in many national publications and juried shows – including covers for *American Artist Magazine* and *Poets and Artists* –William produced all of the artwork for a new film associated with the Eastwoods in Carmel about a teenage art prodigy. His artwork has recently been featured in national art competitions including *Artist Magazine’s* “The Year’s Best Art”, *American Artist Magazine’s* 70th Anniversary Competition, and *International Artist Magazine’s* 2009 Annual competition. And next year William will have his first major Museum exhibit at the prestigious Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art.



## Jess Burnquist

Jess Burnquist earned her M.F.A. in Creative Writing from Arizona State University. Her work has been featured in *Syntax*, *Poets & Artists (O & S) Persona*, *Natural Bridge*, *Clackamas Review*, and *Locuspoint*. She is a recipient of the Sylvan Silver Apple Award for teaching and the Joan Frazer Memorial Award in the Arts. Currently, Jess teaches high school English in the J.O. Combs District and is a teaching artist for the ASU Young Writers Program. She resides in the East Valley of Metropolitan Phoenix with her husband, son and daughter.

### Introspective: *In Search of Now*

William and I began our collaboration by exploring each other’s previous works and publications. Fortunately, there was an immediate and mutual appreciation. From the onset, William and I were comfortable absorbing each other’s work without a lot of dialogue. While we did check in with each other over the months leading to this deadline, it mostly included sending a link to something recently completed. We didn’t force a discussion about style or method.

When September came around, William pointed to a recent painting wondering whether I could write to it. It is difficult not to be inspired by his work. There is an intensity and exactness that exists with enough room for wonder, or in this case—words. I think it’s important to note that the original title of this painting was, “Listening.” I believe our collaboration was successful because of the comfort we discovered in the silences (i.e. line breaks, or impressionistic qualities) of our work and our process.

—JESS BURNQUIST

In Pursuit Of

# BRIAN JONES

Artist:

Eloy Morales

Poet:

Melissa McEwen







# In Pursuit of Brian Jones

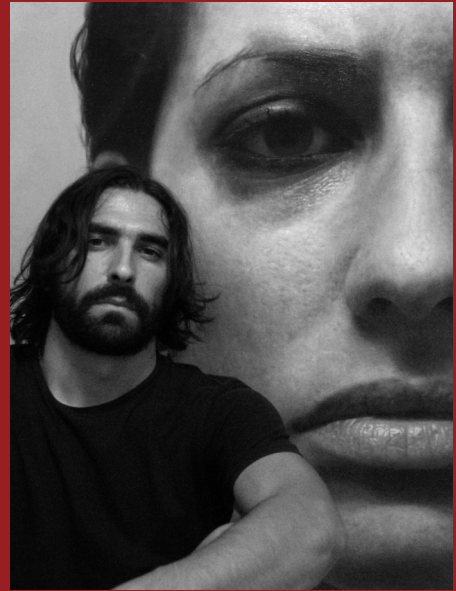
Chrissie had bigger things in mind, bigger than school dances and dates, bigger than ordinary love —the kind of love her friends knew and got from neighborhood and classroom boys. She didn't go steady with any of them, didn't regret it either because she was obsessed with Brian Jones and Iggy Pop, the guys in bands. She worshipped hard the men she never met, traveled miles to Cleveland just to see them. Even if she didn't talk to them or touch them, it was the knowing that they were out there that made her ignore the boys around her, made her wait to give it away to someone worthy.



## Eloy Morales

<http://eloymorales.jimdo.com/>

Eloy Morales was born in Madrid in 1973 and received a Bachelor of Fine Arts in 1998. He had his first show at the age of 15, and has been professionally dedicated to art since he was 20. He has shown his work throughout America and Europe on different group shows and art fairs such as ARCO, ART PARIS, ARTISSIMA, CIGE, LOOP, ARTE FIERA, ARTEXPO, among others. He received the Pinturerias Award in 1994 and Penagos Award in 1999. He has presented five solo shows in Spain. He is currently working with Espacio Nolde, Ansorena, Santiago Echeberria and Jorge Alcolea.



## Melissa McEwen

Melissa McEwen, poetry editor for *Poets and Artists*, is the author of *Saturday Pie* a poetry chapbook published by Goss 183 Casa Menendez earlier this year. Her poems have been published in numerous literary publications, online and in print.



### Introspective: *In Pursuit of Brian Jones*

I wrote the poem "In Pursuit of Brian Jones" first and then Eloy Morales did the painting. I decided to write the poem first because I thought it would be the best way to do it as some poems can spark paintings. Although many poets write poems about paintings, I didn't think that I could do it. "In Pursuit of Brian Jones" is a poem based on something Chrissie Hynde said in an interview. When I sent Eloy my poem (via E-mail) I explained to him that the only things I knew about Chrissie Hynde were that she was part of the band The Pretenders and that she wore very dark mascara and eyeliner. I also attached a photograph of her that I found on the Internet. Eloy didn't want to work with Internet photos or photos that weren't his and he didn't want to paint the person the poem was about. He remembered me saying, "You can paint sad eyes," and one day he saw the woman that was ideal for the painting. "She was what I was looking for," Eloy said and then spent a month doing photographs of her and two months painting it. "I believe that the poem as a whole inspired the painting," was Eloy's response when I asked him what part of the poem made him paint what he did. "I tried to reflect in her eyes everything your poem suggests to me," Eloy said when he sent me the finished painting (via E-mail). When I saw the painting, I was taken aback— at the size of it and the sheer beauty of it. The painting was the perfect fit for "In Pursuit of Brian Jones." This is who the poem is about. I see sadness, hunger, exhaustion, and longing in her eyes. If I saw this painting first, I would have come up with the same poem; I am sure of it.

—MELISSA McEWEN

In Pursuit Of

# REDEMPTION

Artist:

Janelle McKain

Poet:

Ron Androla



# Redemption

Margaret Sanger wears the  
Wimple of Mother Teresa  
Inside a gutted ovum. Douche with boric  
Acid, swallow quinine, to prevent  
Conception, she instructs  
Under a weak Edison light bulb. Fallopian  
Glands seep, wind-chime ovaries are electrified,  
Tubas of caduceus blow. Inhale spikes from  
Christ' s palms, snort dopamine bullets.  
Minus miracle the heart is a crucified miracle.  
A thin doily knitted from young eyelashes & audio  
Hallucinations round our protozoa world. Eugenics flesh  
Tubes. Sperm ova lamprey suck dusk' s gray glass air.  
Margaret Sanger eyes her mirrored autopsy.  
Muscle, an open range, the loss of hope,  
Sternum rings, dirt cave ribs. Olive bones & stones  
& famished bacteria. Scorched lake-bed.  
Vaginal erosion, the butchered butterflies of death,  
Atonement triangulates for  
Guilt, as a doily is hammered around  
Eggshell. Labia layers, draped clitoris,  
Feathers of dangerous, damaged moments.  
Think marrow cunt bones & rocks soaked with estrogen  
Inside a split uterus. A penis is a mushroom nail.  
It cums culpable, penetrating mud. Poison of girls,  
Murderer of Christ, a syringe filled with radiated excrement.  
Douche with boric acid, clean the sins, alter the rhythm,  
Suck the quinine from the strychnine protons.  
Lose some blood.







## Janelle McKain

<http://janellemckain.deviantart.com/>

<http://beinart.org/artists/janelle-mckain/gallery/drawings/>

Born and raised in the rural railroad community of North Platte, Nebraska, Janelle McKain grew up as the “baby” in a family of three. Her father worked for the UP Railroad and mother was at home with the kids. She attended a state college and graduated in three

and a half years to gain certification as a K-12 art instructor. Currently, she is department head at one of three large suburban high schools in Omaha, NE where she has worked the past 15 years.

Her drawings are a free fall of subconscious imagery plugged into a knowledge base of technical skills acquired as she matured in her field. She states her work in the studio is intense and requires a mastery (of sort) to turn off the conscious mind, similar to a zen mode, or trance to seek the essence of her composition. “Music definitely provides inspiration - it transports me from one realm into another... I listen to music constantly. Old, new, jazz, orchestral, doesn’t matter. I am also inspired by emotions. If I am sad, I

draw. If I am bored, I draw. If I am anxious, I draw. The eclectic range of human emotion is endless and therefore, I never really lack for inspiration. To be alive is to feel. My mind runs on overload most of the time and I believe that if routine day-to-day life would get out of my way I could EASILY self actuate locked in a room with pencils and paper. At present with a full time teaching job, I force myself to function in reality most of the time, because if left alone, my mind would probably overcome me.”

McKain’s drawings have been exhibited at the Abnormals Gallery in Berlin, The Hive Gallery in Los Angeles, The Murphy Hill Gallery in Chicago, IL and currently, she is one of 30 artists exhibiting @ “Energizing Radiance 2010” in Memphis, Tennessee’s Gallery 56.

She has been featured in numerous magazines including *Poets and Artists*, *VAIN*, *ArtXX*, and *King Ink*, as well published in a book entitled “Imagine the Imagination - New Visions in Surrealism” 2010 by nEogist.

Janelle’s work can be seen online at Beinart International Surreal Collective.



## Ron Androla

<http://pressurepress.ning.com/>

Ron Androla lives with his wife, Ann, in Erie, Pennsylvania. He is the author of many chapbooks and books since the 1970s. Titles include *WHAT TO SAY TO DEATH*, *POETHEAD*, *SELECTED POEMS 2001-2005*, and *YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES*. He also co-edited with his wife the anthology *A PRESSURE PRESS COLLECTION*, with works by 24 contributors. He has collaborated with artists, singers, and poets such as Kurt Nimmo, Mark Hartenbach, Jeff Filipski, Janelle McKain, Didi Menendez, Jim Chandler, and many others. He considers his place in Amerikan poetry as underground the underground.

### Introspective: *Redemption*

I have scoured many of Janelle McKain’s drawings, which are quite available on the Internet, since being paired with her for an issue of *Poets & Artists* by our prolific editor, Didi Menendez. Janelle’s Art is quite amazing & distinctive, most of it is graphite, black & white, although she has also used color with much success. When our collaboration project began, Janelle emailed me a series of black & whites, and when I asked, some color-enhanced pieces, too. “Redemption” she titled one of her drawings, which I then titled my poem inspired by the work. “Redemption” seemed naturally most appropriate for our collaboration by reasons of serendipity & magic. I asked my wife, Ann, to come into my room as I started writing. I wondered what she would say about Janelle’s picture. Such detail, such oddity, she loved it. I wanted a free-association flow of words from Ann, which I scribbled madly in a notebook, names, images, ideas. I incorporated some of those things in my poem, and as the poem gained momentum I added my own renditions. It is very unlike me, but I actually wrote 4 poems, the final version is the one included here. Janelle was enthusiastic about my writing, which certainly fueled my way thru the 4 versions of the poem. I was initially a little hesitant to send her what materialized, but she was quick to calm my anxiety. She gave me freedom and energy. I’ve written other poems sparked by her Art. She’s become a true, caring friend long after completing our collaboration. She’s real!

—RON ANDROLA



In Pursuit Of

# THE CHILD OF MEMORY

Artist:

William Lazos

Poet:

Andrei Gurbanu



# In Pursuit of the Child of Memory

Life through a famine of color is a second rate sequel of the future.

Someone climbs to the roof in the pouring rain and jiggles the antenna.

Two skinny ghosts appear on swings and push off into black and white static,  
disappear from the frame into the skeletal bulge of the universe.

Only birds come through in stereo, lifelike and shrill blooded.

For kicks we pick at the ribs of cities—one avenue, one brick at a time.





The Trinitron  
acrylic on canvas  
24"x36"

At night, old movies are reminders that the world is still with us.  
The willows serenade lovers and would-be assassins, and in the lakeside darkness  
a blur smooths over small distinctions until the bad blood blackens,  
the night's programming comes to a close at ten, and in a common dream we fly—  
through blank space, through the open carcass of where we came from.  
Strange to this picture as one, who returning home, sees things a little differently.



## William Lazos

[www.williamlazos.com](http://www.williamlazos.com)

William Lazos is a full-time photorealist painter and muralist. Working from his studio in Toronto. His work can be found in numerous collections in Canada, U.S., and Europe.



## Andrei Guriianu

Andrei Guriianu lives in Naperville, Illinois and teaches at North Central College. He is the author of three collections of poetry: *And Nothing Was Sacred Anymore* (March Street Press, 2009), *Front Porch World View* (Main Street Rag, 2009), *Days When I Saw the Horizon Bleed* (FootHills Publishing, 2006); also author of the chapbooks *Anamnesis* (Finishing Line Press, 2010), *Exile* (Big Table Publishing, 2010), and *It Was Like That Once* (Pudding House, 2008). He holds a doctorate in English from Binghamton University and is the founder and executive editor of the literary journal *The Broome Review* <http://www.thebroomereview.com>

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of the Child of Memory*

In order to make the ordinary come alive, one must have an eye for the fantastic, for the miraculous. William Lazos breathes life into ordinary objects using bright colors and a keen, playful eye. The first time I saw his painting I was immediately struck by the juxtaposition of a colorful center surrounded by the more subdued brown frame of the television set. The colors pulled me into a world that expanded slowly to incorporate what to me became the inspiration and enticement to write this poem—the television set. I set out to write a poem reflecting, in the ekphrastic tradition, remembering the time when I was a little boy back in Romania during the 1980s and we only got about two hours of state-sponsored programming per day. And even that was in black and white. Large antennas dotted the rooftops to catch even that meager ration of entertainment. As the pilot in the painting is flying away or towards something, so were people trying to take flight in some way from reality. And then came color TV. I don't remember how or exactly when, but I do remember that cartoons suddenly seemed more alive, more real. The imaginary had now found a pulse, the same kind of throb you can feel if you look at and feel the freedom in that small act of flying between borders. The ordinary wonder of everyday colors was now a miracle we could capture at the click of a button. How amazing that must have felt for many people during those years. How like a dream, a fantasy to help you get through the mundane hours a little easier. Do we still feel that way when we turn on the television or our computers and have the world at our fingertips? Do we still breathe a little faster when someone not unlike ourselves is speaking back from the screen? I have memories of my childhood when I felt just that. But I also have memories that lead me into a state of melancholy. William Lazos's painting reminded me that there were happy moments, ordinary ones that we tend to overlook, something so simple as turning on the TV and seeing the world reflected right back at us—differently yet the same.

—ANDREI GURIIANU



In Pursuit Of

# ANGLE WIND DRIFT SEA

Artist:

**Karen Hollingsworth**

Poet:

**Grace Cavalieri**

# Angle Wind Drift Sea

Although lovers leave, and old friends die, love stays  
on our sleeve – and through some miracle of lace  
and light becomes reflection – moments of memory  
disguised as ghostly dreams. All those white breezes  
earned by water say, there is no end: Dawn will rise  
and waking images will begin again.

If I could, I'd take these curtains to make a wedding veil  
and name it "Loss." Instead,  
I'll listen to our songs in these adjoining rooms,  
slip on my purple beads, sip a spoon of honey,  
and eat a sun-warmed pear.

If the future is already spoken for, Time will have to wait  
for me to find it. And if the red bird has flown away  
into its stammer of days my balance of truth will be  
with the gaze of a mute swan passing, the serenity,  
her shimmer of calm, and the unspeakable question:  
*When it leaves, where does it go? Where?*

## II

Handfuls of butterflies in my apron pocket rustle,  
waiting for you to be where you're supposed to be.  
I tell them HUSH. TRUST. He is coming back today.  
I have swept the path, stitched a peach pie, combed the cat,  
set the clock ahead by hours. No one but me is listening to the sea,  
watching silver fish dance in the language of shadows.

Will 10,000 horses approach? Or a car with wings?  
a bus with sails? Or an angel of summer tied by cords of sun?  
On the other side of dawn the first light moves through wind  
making the large blue even larger. I watch as it moves upward.  
The shine on the water has nothing to do with anything else today.  
Death may take more air and space than life but this no longer matters.

## III

I will always look for you even while you are here.  
No one knows what I know about you,  
how the refusal was seemingly unremarkable  
but carried spiritual desperation; about the luminescent  
drift of dreams, then the return,  
like an essential goodness, with words in the shape of our bodies.

Think what you will.  
You can consider this an alien abduction, if you like,  
or simply the sympathy of what is persistent,  
or the taste of a fatal appetite; it is a complicated desire -  
insight and harmony hammered bright. Whatever exists  
let it be imagined within the wakefulness of Light.











## Karen Hollingsworth

Karen Hollingsworth is known for her unique light, airy windowscapes. In the past the artist painted interior spaces, now she includes an open window that acts as a portal into the space beyond. Her large oil paintings often depict subject matter that is fairly minimal, chairs and ordinary interior settings, however what attracts many viewers is the mysticism evoked by the movement of the air and the ocean breeze through the curtains.

For Hollingsworth, a painting is about the feeling it evokes. Although there are no figures present in her windowscapes, it is difficult to deny the implications of vacant chairs in such an empty space. Hollingsworth is interested in creating the “impression of looking through that room and seeing the view outside the room.

“I love to create paintings that evoke a sense of the familiar,” says Hollingsworth. “To blend the common objects of everyday life, placed within the interior of a room, with a glimpse of the ocean or mountains through an open window. My ‘windowscapes’ are intended to provide the viewer with a sense of solitude and well being. A comfortable world bathed in sunlight and warm breezes. For me, a painting is successful if I wish I were there.”

Karen is currently represented by Dean Day gallery in Houston TX, Mason Murer fine art in Atlanta GA, Wynne Falconer gallery in Chatham, MA, and 16 Patton Fine Art Gallery in Asheville, NC



## Grace Cavalieri

Grace Cavalieri is author of several books of poems and produced plays. The latest book is *SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING I WOULD SAY* (2010, Casa Menendez.) Her forthcoming play is “Anna Nicole: Blonde Ambition.” Her play on ex-slave Harriet Powers, “Quilting the Sun,” is scheduled for a 2011 production. She founded, and produces public radio’s “The Poet and the Poem,” now from the Library of Congress, celebrating 33 years on-air.

### Introspective: *Angle Wind Drift Sea*

When I first saw Karen Hollingsworth’s paintings, like everyone else who sees them, I thought she invented LIGHT. I stared and stared as if I could feel the glow on my skin. We know that “painting” is about light, the capturing of light, the suppression, the hint, the radiance, the reflection, the fusion...in all its forms. If the novel is about *time*, and the poem is about *feeling*, then surely painting is about *light*—Isn’t color just Light’s many refractions? That was what I started with: sheer awe and adoration at the artist’s ability to create a miracle—replicating what only our universe seemed able to stimulate. When Karen submitted the proposed painting, the imagery was so perfect—I thought it was already completed. So what words could go with this? Each time I sat with it, a different story occurred. I took that as another sign of the infinite power of this visual. During a wet spring day, when the leaves were not yet glistening, I saw “loss” in the empty bed and wrote about the lover who had gone. Another time, sitting with this work of art, I felt anticipation, eagerness, and joy. Surely the story had another chapter. Summer was now upon us, and the smell of salt air was everywhere. People were packing bags, going to vacations, coming home sunburned. And so was my spirit. Light and heat together. I saw fulfillment everywhere, especially in this painting. So the poem has three parts—written at three different times but with a single thread of Love: loss, hope, completion. I predict that I could write a book about Karen Hollingsworth’s work. It is constantly changing because it is a living thing.

—GRACE CAVALIERI



In Pursuit Of

# *Villanelle*

Artist:

José Parra

Poet:

Grady Harp

# Villanelle



Villanelle oil on canvas 26"x45"





We sit here  
alone

with eons of memories  
flying through the lines mountains sculpt,  
merging indigo to blue  
into sky  
and beyond.

Days  
are peacocks in flight  
over transparent castles  
and ships of clouds and furls  
golding in the sun.

Our time rose in airbourne balloons  
we rode over valleys and lakes into  
evenings warmed by fireflies fluttering in  
Queen Anne's Lace,  
ethereal flickering bonfires in night's  
secret, leaving us

to sit here  
alone.

Once

before now  
before the world broke  
into meteors and violent  
windwaters

Once

from the highest towers  
so tall the wind coaxed  
music from my window  
I watched

preening peacocks  
gargoyles, gorgons and  
brilliant dragons  
joy  
at the sight of your flight  
across the hills  
the moats  
the secret caverns  
where you gathered  
light  
from the funneling departing sky

to hide night.



## José Parra

[www.joseparra.com](http://www.joseparra.com)

José was born in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico in 1975. He started as an apprentice at his father's studio in Guadalajara at the age of 16, where he was able to develop his own compositions, always influenced by the Spanish baroque sculpture, paintings and furniture manufactured at the family's studio.

He lived in Puerto Vallarta for short periods of time during 1998-1999, where he was able to develop a more personal style at first influenced by surrealism but blending it with Mexican elements like "Talavera" (mainly blue patterns on Mexican fine pottery).

In 2000 he started traveling to U.S. and Canada. The contact with Grady Harp in California and Neal Zuckerman in New York provided the matrix for a new language. The ideas of Frederick Hart based on Teilhard de Chardin and the work of Anne Bachelier, among other artists at CFM Gallery in New York, changed his style into a more realistic one – fantastic, yet with the profound baroque influence from childhood.

He joined the Art Student's League of New York in 2001 and returned to Mexico to take part in the Atelier of Carlos Vargas Pons. He's participated in catalogues and publications in Mexico, United States and Europe. In 2010 he participated in the book *International Contemporary Artists*, the journals *Poets and Artists* and *The Art of Man*, and three hardcover books: *Dreamscapes*, *Imaginaire*, *Powerfully Beautiful*, and in 2011 in *100 Artists of the Male Figure*.

His paintings have been displayed in solo and group exhibitions in galleries within the United States, Canada, Denmark, The Netherlands, France and Mexico. His exhibitions and presentations in Mexico, especially his home city of Guadalajara, have a growing audience and are always accompanied with exotic performances: his latest was experienced by more than 800 people at the vernissage at Ex Convento del Carmen.



## Grady Harp

Grady Harp is the Reviewer for *Poets and Artists* magazine and writes for other publications as well. He is the Art Historian for the quarterly journal *THE ART OF MAN* and he has provided chapters and introductions to numerous books such as the recent *Powerfully Beautiful* and *100 Artists of the Male Figure*. His essays and articles will appear in two major books on art in 2011 that will be distributed internationally. His poetry appears in the monograph entitled *WAR SONGS: Metaphors in Clay and Poetry from the Vietnam Experience*, a publication that accompanied a two year traveling exhibition, *INCONVENIENT STORIES: Vietnam War Veterans* by Jeffrey Wolin, in *Poetry: The First 10 Years of the New Millennium: GRADY HARP* by Didi Menendez, *50/50 Words and Images for Didi Menendez*, and others. As an art gallerist he has presented premiere artists from throughout the world for such exhibitions as *WADE REYNOLDS: Full Circle Retrospective*, *BODY LANGUAGE: Current Figurative Painters*, *INDOMITABLE SPIRITS: The Figure at the End of the Century* and *MEMENTO MORI: Contemporary Still Life*. He has produced exhibitions for the Arnot Art Museum in New York, Fresno Museum of Art, Nevada Museum of Art, National Vietnam Veterans Art Museum in Chicago, and Cleveland State University Art Gallery and has served as a contributing artistic advisor for universities and colleges throughout California, in Berlin, the Centro Cultural de Conde Duque in Madrid, and in Oslo, Norway. Grady lives in Los Angeles, CA.

### Introspective: Villanelle

Artists and poets share the same territory of creativity, the difference by definition being that the artist approaches a theme visually while the poet relies on the written word.

When José and I decided to accept the invitation of Didi Menendez' idea of collaboration the response was one of immediate exhilaration: sharing a finished piece of art that was the result of an interplay of ideas seemed a natural extension of a relationship between us. José Parra paints in the framework of fantasy, but it is formalized fantasy in the baroque form that exhibits repeated images or ideas – such as globes of light that can either be enlightening lanterns or containers of secretive thoughts or icons. The world that he paints contains eloquently costumed people, castles, voyages both of departure and arrival, and the presence of past fleeting, a sense of the transitory. At times his paintings deal with either a single figure or two figures who seem to be somehow disassociated with the present – remnants of the past electing to stay in the glow of history.

Grady Harp writes of things past, episodes of memory he feels best contained in the brevity of a poem, as though leaving them in that form allows them life without the need to return. Childhood, reflections on seasons past, the war memories from Vietnam, elegies to figures who have passed into the shadows or on voyage to another realm – these elements recur in chameleon forms. It is this shared fascination with holding the past in safe perspective that joins our work. Knowing that José's penchant for dream worlds nearly operatic in nature opened the idea for writing a poem that reflected that past. The obvious choice of a poetic form would be something that would enhance the flow of José's imagery. After jotting down some lines about the world of fantasy that existed in the time from which José drew his stories, the idea of creating a *villanelle* seemed appropriate. A villanelle is a poetic form that is now thought to have originated from simple ballad like songs from medieval and Renaissance troubadours – songs more in line with being sung by common folk who dreamed of

the castles and finery and decor of court life, where sophisticated madrigals related like dreams but on a loftier level. Strictly speaking, the current definition of a villanelle is a poem with only two rhyme sounds. The first and third lines of the first stanza are rhyming refrains that alternate as the third line in each successive stanza and form a couplet at the close. A villanelle is nineteen lines long, consisting of five tercets and one concluding quatrain.

This restraining set of rules we felt collided with the free flow of energy from fantasy we wished to create: we opted to follow instead the musical definition of a villanelle – a dance form accompanied by sung lyrics. And so our seed was planted. The idea of a collaboration began. I submitted three hastily composed poems to José and he related to the one that happened to be a shared favorite. It is about past times, when the world was explained by fantasy rather than science.

José drew sketches, we agreed on the basic idea but José brought into the image the presence to two women, on either side of the described narrative, but holding a piece of cloth or silk – something that neither of us would define and as the painting developed we agreed this represented the people in conversation in the poem, that there was a push/pull dynamic that might present either the stances of fantasy versus reality, or as in José's thought the cloth somehow represents destiny: the two ladies represent different circumstances – not judgmental, not good or evil – but they are deciding on the fate of the departing ship in either a gentle tug of war or even a dance. "There are times in life when the possibilities are in a fragile balance." And in the matter of the conversation between two people that the poem suggests, the painting presents two images of ladies – torsos with heads, but with gloved hands detached. And all that surrounds them are fragments from the themes of the poem. It is, after all, a dream, a villanelle.

—GRADY HARP



In Pursuit Of

# Suspension (Her Name)

Artist:

Glennray Tutor

Poet:

William Stobb

# Suspension (Her Name)

after "Trio"  
by Glennray Tutor

Trio oil on canvas 15"x19"

\*  
Cat's eyes and pureys  
in leather pouches in the mud-luscious—  
what is that thinking animals die

without knowing  
little magic spheres sno-globe galaxies  
—little deciders of everything—

inside, in the sky. Maybe. Pretty  
strange real thinking. Alive all that time.  
Had they always been closed

or did he then, her breath on his neck, close his eyes?







\*

It was a lie they told you in art classes—  
that human experience was so complex. Words boiled out of her into  
clouds of steam: “Bob.... Dearest.” No choosing.

\*

No one had ever cried out his name.  
He hadn’t known he was missing the experience. Marbles turned  
in his cheeks. Leaning in for it. Locked in.

\*

She knew a fulfilled feeling  
a deferment would enable her  
watchers to decide on tea, TV, or a teensy tippie, just

one, to turn away.  
But to her it felt like a hot spasm, all the watching.  
No infinite field

galaxies of better or could, in or out  
side but the burn of being purely  
interrupted.

\*

Too much for his lips  
the dream of love. Lovely sweetheart  
moon come to come inside

someplace he was someone else  
kissing someone else in some damp room  
wet skin, selected flicker

where a constellation  
shaped like lips in the sky and blood  
and dusty light shaft in quiet church

she called out his name in colorful  
spheres—kissed, embraced

and vanished

into him like light  
speeding far, and he held her  
very far away in the night sky inside him.

\*

“Bob.” She would surprise him with tongue.  
“Bob,” like bubbles or coming  
unhinged. Common, echo-y, poised

overhead forever ripples  
under and through the surface of their only. “Bob.”  
She would surprise him. Some heat inside

glass she would open on his body.  
Until he did it too—“Bob”—cried it to the sky,  
his own bubble shot

high—would if this would  
move now, forward into, let them, “Bob,”  
their lips—touch the word

she needed him to  
cry in the next now, “Bob,” that never,  
would never

her name

appear



## Glennray Tutor

[www.glennraytutor.com](http://www.glennraytutor.com)

Once one's amazement at the astonishing precision in the work of Glennray Tutor has had time to sink in, the opportunity arises to contemplate how his depictions of the small artifacts of life can say profound things about the nature of our existence.

Tutor's visually eloquent paintings are imbued with colors, detail, and metaphor. "My paintings," Tutor says, "are my commentaries on the beauty and profundity of life."

Many of Tutor's paintings have appeared in and on the covers of books, record albums, and magazines. He has participated in numerous group and solo exhibitions. Tutor's artwork is in many public, private, corporate and museum collections throughout the world. During 1999 and 2000, his artwork was featured in the global show "Outward Bound: American Art On The Brink of the Twenty-first Century," sponsored by the Mobil Corporation. His work has been featured in many TV programs, major films (currently seen in the award winning movie *The Blind Side*), and an increasing number of internet blogs.

Glennray Tutor lives and works in Oxford, Mississippi.



## William Stobb

<http://www.viterbo.edu/perspgs/faculty/WStobb/Stobb.html>

<http://miporadiohts.wordpress.com/>

William Stobb's work appears in recent issues of *DIAGRAM*, *American Poetry Review*, and *Conduit*. His electronic chapbook, *Pointless Channel*, was recently published by Goss 183. Another chapbook, a group of desert fragments entitled *Artifact Eleven*, is in publication at the University of Nevada's Black Rock Press, scheduled for release in the fall of 2010. Stobb's 2007 collection, *Nervous Systems*, won the National Poetry Series Prize, and his subsequent full-length collection, *Absentia*, is due out from Penguin in 2011. Stobb works as Associate Professor of English at Viterbo University in La Crosse, Wisconsin, where he lives with his wife and two children.

### Introspective: *Suspension (Her Name)*

Glennray Tutor and I collaborated by email on drafts of the poem, "Suspension (Her Name)," which is based on my reading of Glennray's painting "Trio." The painting immediately surprised me with its crystalline representative character, infused with a kind of existential magic that I was immediately drawn to. Three beautiful marbles poised over the comic strip of two lovers about to kiss—their lives are like mine, I thought, suspended within a sensual context that's incomprehensible, yet totally engrossing. I tried to write a poem that would capture the dynamic nature of being alive but also the restrained or interrupted nature of being a character in a context that's unknown. In his poem, "Fiction," Mark Strand writes,

*I think of the innocent lives  
Of people in novels who know they'll die  
But not that the novel will end. How different they are  
From us.*

Of course Strand's speaker is naive or ironic in asserting the difference. The point of "Fiction" and of all fiction and poetry and art is that we are like the figures--something essential in us identifies with the art work we love, and we enter into communion with it. I felt that spark of connection with Glennray's "Trio" and tried to write a poem that would trace its luminosity.

As the poem progressed, we exchanged drafts. Early on, Glennray was right to point out that my draft had not captured the beauty of the two cartoon characters' existence. I had been overly focused on their frustration in not being able to advance their frame—not being able to complete their kiss, let alone the larger arc of their lives. At first, I didn't know what to do with Glennray's suggestion, but as I returned to the painting and the poem, working and re-working, I found that the energy of poetic language could carry the mystery and beauty of the lovers under the moon. As language comes into poetry, it can come unhinged (a word I use in the poem, actually) from its daily usages and sparkle in its new, singular context. As the poem advanced, I found it becoming less expository and gaining more of the sudden energy, the expansive surge of beauty and poetry that's present in the lives of the characters in Glennray's "Trio"—in all his work, really, and in our lives, too, if we're lucky.

—WILLIAM STOBB



In Pursuit Of

# *Daphne*

Artist:

Paul Belote

Poet:

Jim Boring





P. BELOTE



# Daphne

*My father knew and told me so,  
I was not shaped for virginal pursuits.*

*I could not be Athena's servant with a body  
formed by Venus for carnal pleasure.*

*I was young, Cupid's wandering eye  
had not yet settled on me, but Apollo's had.*

*The god who guides the sun,  
that master of the hunt hunted me.*

*How sweet that coupling could have been;  
the radiant god with a flower of the earth.*

*But then that peerless, arrogant archer  
mocked Cupid's prowess, stung his pride,*

*Said only he was worthy to bend the bow  
that bent the will of men and gods.*

*Cupid could not let the challenge pass.  
The gods have no humility.*

*The piercing arrow of desire struck Apollo first,  
I, his diversion, now obsessed him.*

*Then the blunt arrow of rejection struck me;  
Apollo's light became a shadow, a stifling darkness.*

*No nymph of chaste Athena, can stay the will of Cupid;  
no armor shields us from his arrows of denial or desire.*

*Yet we resist; we will have our souls,  
if nothing else; we would thwart the gods.*

*Apollo's fingers tangling my hair, his breath upon my neck,  
I feel the roots begin to form and hold, the gray bark enclose me.*

*Now, beyond all reach, my phantom breast aches for a gentle hand;  
the wind sighing in my leaves stirs longing.*



## Paul Belote

[www.paulbelote.com](http://www.paulbelote.com)  
[paulbelote.blogspot.com](http://paulbelote.blogspot.com)

Originally from the small town of Painter, on Virginia's Eastern Shore, Paul Belote grew up across the Chesapeake Bay in Norfolk.

He received his BFA from Virginia Commonwealth University and currently works from his studio in Chesapeake, where he lives with his wife, Janette Snyder Belote, also an artist.

Paul has had works selected for The Chrysler Museum's Irene Leache Memorial Exhibition, The Muscarelle Museum's American Drawing Biennial, The Peninsula Fine Art Center's 5th Biennial Exhibition, and The School of the Washington Ballet's show "Interpretations of Dance in the Visual Arts," among others. He has had solo shows at the Staunton Augusta Arts Center in Staunton, Virginia and at the Roanoke Island Festival Park Gallery in Manteo, North Carolina.



## Jim Boring

Jim Boring is the author of the book-length poem, *Condo* (Lit Pot Press, 2006). His poetry and stories have appeared in many venues and anthologies, including *Poets and Artists*. Boring lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

### Introspective: *Daphne*

Both of us have been fascinated by and entranced by the enduring power of mythology. These stories still resonate with meaning and artists still find seemingly endless useful material in them. The story of Daphne, a nymph, and Apollo, the god of light and the archer who slays the Python that threatens the world is this – Daphne wants only to roam the woods in service of the chaste goddess Athena even though her river god father warns her that she is far too beautiful for such a role. Apollo, returning from slaying the Python, and very full of himself as a result, comes across Cupid, the god of love, and mocks his puny bow and his prowess. In retaliation Cupid shoots Apollo with an arrow of desire and Daphne with an arrow of denial. To escape Apollo's relentless pursuit Daphne transforms herself into a tree.

Paul and Jim corresponded in a series of versions of the painting and the poem that would represent the tale. Each version portrayed Daphne in very different manifestations – one as a kind of proto-feminist to another in which a current-day waitress in a diner comments on the myth –

*Personally? I think she should've let him catch her.*

*I mean really; she's a nymph, for Christ's sake.*

*She's not supposed to be a knotty pine.*

- and from a woman whose appearance ranged from modern to wildly ancient. The final versions of both painting and poem attempt to capture the terror and the ultimately mixed feelings that we imagined roiled in Daphne.

There was a line in one of Jim's earlier versions of the poem in which Daphne says, "And so I became the tree." Those words stuck with Paul through all the subsequent drafts, and he kept returning to them for inspiration, even when they disappeared from the final poem. "There's pathos in that statement, a kind of 'matter-of-fact' acceptance in Daphne of the inevitability of her fate," Paul says. His painting is of the moment of transformation. Daphne's hand is raised to fend off her pursuer and her eye is wild as her flesh turns to bark, and branches and leaves sprout from her body. —JIM BORING



In Pursuit Of

*A More Perfect  
Armor*

Artist:

**Kristy Gordon**

Poet:

**Matthew Hittinger**





*In  
Pursuit  
of a  
More  
Perfect  
Armor*

In pursuit of a more stable form, I knelt,  
displayed a more perfect armor that began  
with my name, IN LORE, MY NORMA,  
where I orphaned the letters that could not  
contain the golden dream. I was to blame.  
I reigned over a golden age, a golden theme,  
IN MY NORMA ROLE I was Miss Golden  
Dreams, I was the girl next door, a honey  
shade. To get skin this cream first block  
burnt umber, use that honey shade to define  
flesh and bone until you whip that crazed  
scream called men's minds, while in my mind  
it was always scarlet velvet and gold.  
You see my nudity was the brightest armor  
I could don. But I found another ARMOR  
IN MY MOLE, another I I felt inside me  
beside the alien ocean, under the mineral  
sky, this other I this twin, this self I brought  
this self into being. For in pursuit of a more  
stable form, in pursuit of this other I the I  
of my *amor*, of my true armor, I destroyed  
the ARMOR of MIME ONLY and built  
my body, colored block by colored block  
until I gleamed beyond that Golden Dream  
your golden beauty queen so bright I burn  
right off your TV, laptop, movie screen.  
I am your armored beam, my breastplate  
silver with golden seams. The light kneels  
before my knuckles, my cheek. The light  
kneels before me. OIL MY ARMOR, MEN.  
All the available light swallowed into me,  
into this I I the opposite of a black hole  
this I absorbs all the light and gives it back  
a thousandfold a bright diamond a light  
to call best friend conjured in the mirror  
both your standard and your sword  
until I am I am MARILYN NO MORE.



## Kristy Gordon

<http://kristygordon.com/>

Kristy Gordon is an internationally exhibiting fine artist. Born in Nelson, British Columbia, she has earned numerous awards, including the Elizabeth Greenshields Foundation Grant, a Merit Award from Daniel Greene in the Salon International 2009, Third Prize at the Portrait Society of Canada International Portrait Competition, Best of Show in the National Art Premier, Illinois, and was a Top Finalist in the Art Renewal Center's International 2008/2009 ARC Salon. She has been featured in a number of magazines, publications, and television shows, including *Southwest Art's Emerging Artist: 21 Under 31* and Bravo!'s *Star Portraits*. Her paintings hang in more than 400 collections worldwide, including the Government of Ontario Art Collection. She currently resides in Toronto, Canada.



## Matthew Hittinger

[www.matthewhittinger.com](http://www.matthewhittinger.com)

Matthew Hittinger is the author of the chapbooks *Pear Slip*, winner of the Spire 2006 Chapbook Award, *Narcissus Resists*, and *Platos de Sal*. His work has appeared in many journals and the anthologies *Best New Poets 2005* and *Ganymede Poets, One*. Matthew lives and works in New York City.

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of the Perfect Armor*

Kristy and I started corresponding in May and quickly got to discussing our obsessions: transformation and metamorphosis and the importance of masks and armor in our work, in particular how the artist must “suit up” or don a mask in order to create. We each shared work-in-progress to get a sense of our current projects, and moved forward with a study from a series Kristy completed at the Bardini Museum, a self-portrait in armor. Kristy took a picture of her painting at each significant stage to document her process, which helped inspire my earliest notes about color and light, the departure point for the poem. The line “In pursuit of a more stable form” had been kicking around in my head for over a decade, so we knew that would be the first line of the poem. While Kristy worked on adding layers of paint to her canvas, deliberating the expression she would have, I deliberated the direction of the poem, which at one point was going to be a catalog of women in armor throughout history. Instead, the voice of Marilyn Monroe took over and reminded us that within her legendary name you will find contained ARMOR.

—MATTHEW HITTINGER



In Pursuit Of

# MR. MONET'S MUSE

Artist:

Richard Frost

Poet:

Howard Camner

# In Pursuit of Mr. Monet's Muse

This poem that Mr. Monet is trying to write  
cannot be written  
But still, he sits there, waiting  
Not for Godot, but for an idea  
For lightning to strike  
For that light bulb to flicker on  
For his messed up muse  
to lift her head off that circus clown's lap  
and sober up

This poem that Mr. Monet wants to write  
circles above his head  
and just beyond his reach  
It teases and taunts  
and never lets him live  
He likes the idea of having an idea  
but knows it may never happen  
like his slow sense of urgency having purpose

With his strap-on personality,  
the endless loop of regrets playing in his head alphabetically,  
and his recurring vision of Verlaine  
swallowing van Gogh's ear,  
Mr. Monet just can't find the switch  
So he gropes in the dark and comes up empty

In the light of day Mr. Monet never blinks  
because it's those moments of darkness  
when people do what they do

Compelled by stagnation,  
Mr. Monet upsets the balance of nature  
and everyone he meets  
He sat for this portrait (as you can plainly see)  
but in real life he's always just out of frame  
and never in focus  
He gets into street brawls over indoor plumbing  
and is the only person in history  
to have a ménage à trois with himself

This poem that Mr. Monet hopes to write  
has no inspiration  
It's a farce;  
an obligation that can't be met  
and that's a pity, but it's really no wonder  
for a man who exists outside of life  
watching it through windows

Mr. Monet is a private nuisance  
and a public eyesore  
He is an orphan with parents,  
the end result of a head-on collision,  
and all things to no one  
With his thoughts juxtaposed  
and every breath out-of-sync  
he courts controversy  
because it's the only woman that will go out with him

Obsessed with the figure of the man beating the dead horse  
at the Cabaret Mechanical Theatre  
Mr. Monet watches worms to see if they turn  
and will often drop a shoe and wait

Mr. Monet calls himself a poet  
but in truth it's a lie  
He's just someone who darkens everything he touches,  
whose every move is a sight gag that flops,  
and who has the uncanny ability  
to make a very expensive suit look cheap  
So you can backtrack all you want  
You can sift through his mail  
and go through his garbage  
But chances are good you won't find a thing  
to justify his being  
Mr. Monet lives up to his own name  
but he'll never live down the Droop Street Dance Card  
Scandal

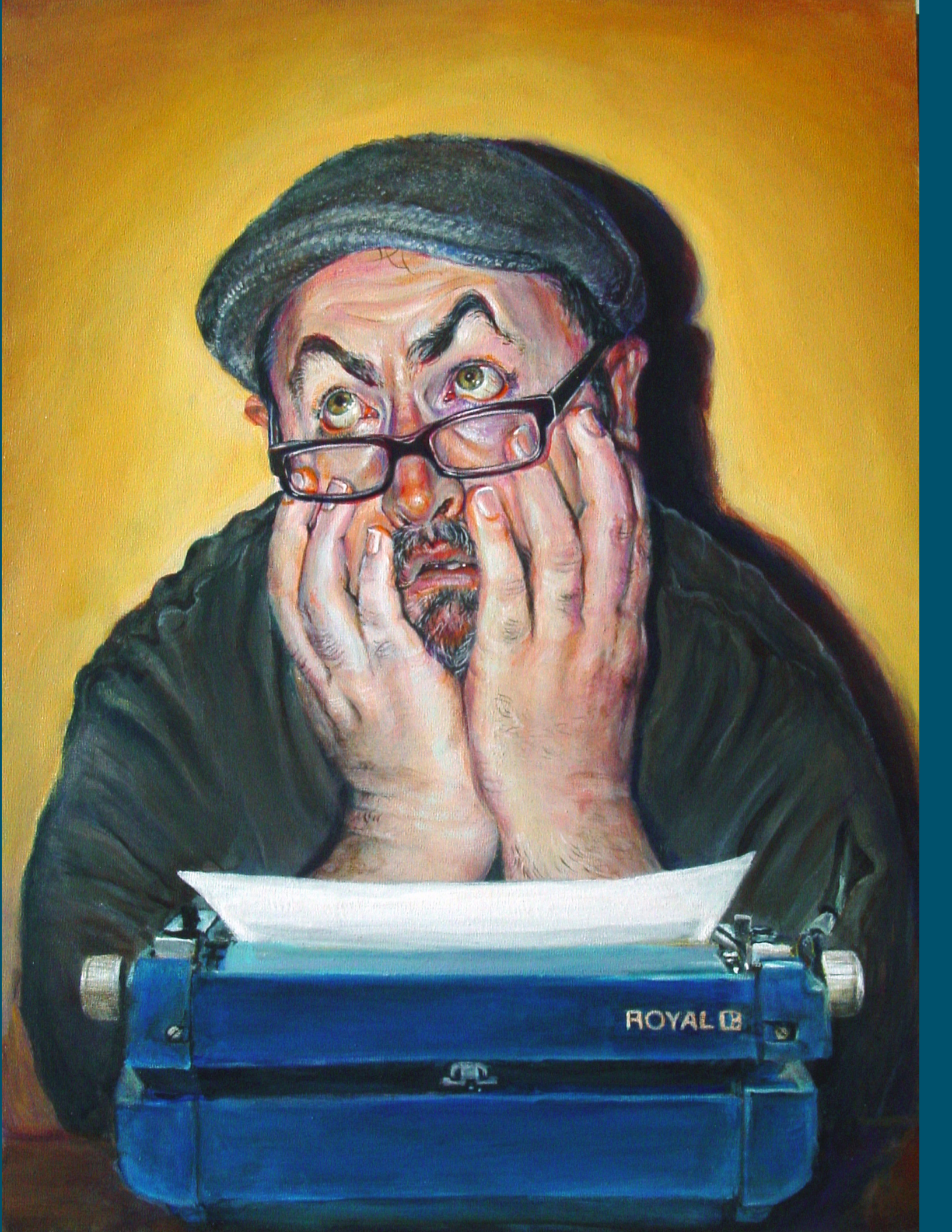
Never

Just like Mr. Monet, this poem is a hoax  
He glares at the blank sheet hating it  
as much as man can hate paper  
But nothing comes to him  
except the haunting last words of his surrogate father  
that fateful Sunday at the Rainbow's End Market

"Once you pass the peaches son, you're on your own"

and sadly, they were right around the corner









## Richard J. Frost

<http://richardjfrost.com/>

Richard J. Frost has survived living in Los Angeles since 1976. After the L.A. haze lifted He found his way to art school and earned a BFA at Otis/Parson.



## Howard Camner

Howard Camner is the author of 16 poetry books and the autobiography *Turbulence at 67 Inches*. During his years in New York, Camner was the headliner with the West End Poetry Troupe. His works are housed in major literary collections worldwide including ten historical archives and six royal libraries. He has received several awards for his work including the Fine Arts Press Poetry Award, nomination to the Poets Hall of Fame (2002), the first annual MiPo Coat Hanger Award, nomination for Poet Laureate of Florida, and was named "Best Poet of 2007" in *New Times* Newspaper's "Best of Miami" readers poll edition. In other ventures, his original screenplay "Duck, Duck, Goose" was placed in the permanent archives of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences and the television talk show he created and hosted in the 1980s "Life is a Four Letter Word" was placed in the UCLA Film and Television Archives in 1999. Camner lives in Miami with his wife and children.

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of Mr. Monet's Muse*

At first I was going to fly to California to meet Richard, but then I decided to just call him on the phone so I wouldn't have to eat that airplane food. I looked at some of his work on the internet and knew that without a doubt this was a perfect match of artist and poet since we're both character-oriented in our work (he in his paintings and I in my poetry). And since we both fashion our work through a twisted carnival sideshow lens found somewhere between sci-fi and a '50s horror flick, it was even better. We spoke a few times to work out some details and then got down to the business of creation. Not that we would have a kid together because as I understand it that would be biologically impossible, and I like Richard quite a bit, but not *that* much. Still, art is like a child isn't it? Although ours would be God-awful weird. Richard had the idea of a writer/poet who was looking for an idea but was having trouble getting past the wall. And since I was looking for an idea and having trouble getting past the wall, I ran with it. He said he would be basing his painting on a friend who wrote the screenplay for "The Cooler" starring William H. Macy. As a screenwriter myself who lived in Richard's area throughout the '80s, I knew his environment and the screenwriter's state of mind, so I think that helped get me where I was going. I pointed out to Richard that my poems about characters aren't exactly flattering and I didn't want his friend to be offended (especially down the road if he could help me find a producer for my own stuff). Richard told me not to worry, that he was only using the image for inspiration. I chose the name "Monet" because it's slang for something that looks decent from a distance but up close tells a very different story. In this case we have a writer who probably has a good reputation, but at the moment Richard and I corner him, he's having a problem locating his muse. So here is the result of our collaboration. As a great man once said "It is what it is". And without further ado (whatever an "ado" is)...here it is.

—HOWARD CAMNER



In Pursuit Of

# USA Today

Artist:

**Denis Peterson**

Poet:

**Geof Huth**







# USA Today

(to Denis Peterson)

half letter half letter  
of water and collapsing  
into sleep a half letter  
of water and collapsing  
to a welter that is water

pray to the god of sitting  
on a stack of newspapers  
and collapsing into sleep  
and half letters of water  
boxed and stacked up to

with a letter as praying  
of words with hands held  
pleached in stasis and a  
half letter like water  
running through the body

what body still with water  
and letters running half into  
words and working out to  
collapsing half-bowing into  
sleep that runs and through him

material life that holds him  
as a culture of making  
letters of his sleep as  
eyeless sleeping makes by  
water the race of waking

print as news as fit as foot  
as a footfall fallen and  
in stasis staying and there  
in stacks of paper and of  
prints and silent eyeless on

dollied into piles of space  
or spacing and out as if  
to sleep or seen through wind  
as windows holding all of it  
separate as if separable from

half a letter as a half a liter  
of water sitting as if sleeping  
as if water's form of sleeping  
before slipping down a throat  
as if running as if woken from

eyeless for his head is bowed  
and bowed allows for sleeping  
as if in prayer and silent  
but not wordless only voiceless  
but thought or as it's visible

window taking shape of light  
as water taking shape of  
holder as hands might hold  
the air from moving as the  
moving's done and then it ends

window as a port to darkness  
or windows as the way to light  
as sight in sifting through living  
like life's images' flickering motion  
making out what's already made

want as head is bowed and  
praying forms the shape  
of body's being locus of  
the form of thinking  
sleep and sound will take

cloth as clothing as a word  
as paper and page as sheet  
as side as sight and he  
as air as water running  
and light as breath as sift

skin as flesh as light as  
paint as sleep as slipping  
off and water slaking flowing  
evaporation off then drying  
draw as drawing paint as dry

maybe number of the liters  
of the letters of the words  
of the words within the lines  
of the lines within the poem  
of the brushstrokes made of paint



## Denis Peterson

[www.denispeterson.com/](http://www.denispeterson.com/)

Denis Peterson's hyperrealist paintings are stunning visual statements peppered with underlying socio-economic paradigms. In viewing them, it becomes immediately apparent that techniques and methods are a product of his work, not the other way around. The illusion of reality as a transformational aesthetic is a virtual means to an end. C. Ashley once wrote "... (Peterson's) painted images are so highly crafted, detailed, and labor intensive...that the message is simply 'I believe, and I care. Look at this. It is important.' To do this, the artist lives with images so intensely that they become familiar and internal, alive and emotional...it becomes part of the viewer's experience."

A native New Yorker, Denis' provocative paintings have been widely shown in museums, public exhibitions and galleries throughout the US and Europe. His urbanscape series *Walkin' New York* is currently on display at the Corcoran MPA.



## Geof Huth

<http://dbqp.blogspot.com/>

The scope of Geof Huth's poetic production includes handdrawn and computer-generated visual poems (some of them wordless), one-word poems, extemporaneous poems recorded in the act of living, and poems performed in a language that doesn't exist with melodies created as the audience listens. For this year, the year that he is fifty years of age, he is writing each day a poem that is also a letter to someone he knows. He mails each poem out to its intended recipient and posts it to a blog entitled *365 ltrs*. He writes almost daily on visual poetry and the textual imagination at his blog, *dbqp: visualizing poetics*. His latest book is *ntst: the collected pwoermds of geof huth*, a book of 775 one-word poems.

### Introspective: *USA Today*

On April 14<sup>th</sup>, after reviewing some of my work online, and after I've done the same for his work, Denis Peterson drops me a line. Denis has discovered the minimalist focus of much of my work, and I have discovered that he is a painter of frighteningly real photorealistic paintings. When I first encountered his work online—beautifully arranged but decaying urban landscapes inhabited by solitary humans—I thought they were photographs. Yet these works are clearly paintings, clearly reworkings of real landscapes, but real only in the sense that he and we want them to be. I write back to Denis, saying I would be happy to work with one of his paintings, and the process begins.

Months pass as Denis paints. I must believe that one these paintings of his takes hundreds of hours to paint, so he needs the time to work on it. When Denis sends me the image of his painting in early September, I am struck by the beauty of the composition, the control within this scene of quiet despair. I note the repetition of lines and layers and the general symmetry of the work. I begin to write my poem after considering the painting for a few weeks. Once I begin the poem, a poem comes quickly for me. I begin the poem one day and finish three drafts of it the next day and decide I am done. And then we are done.

—GEOF HUTH



In Pursuit Of

# WHAT'S HIDDEN FROM VIEW

Artist:

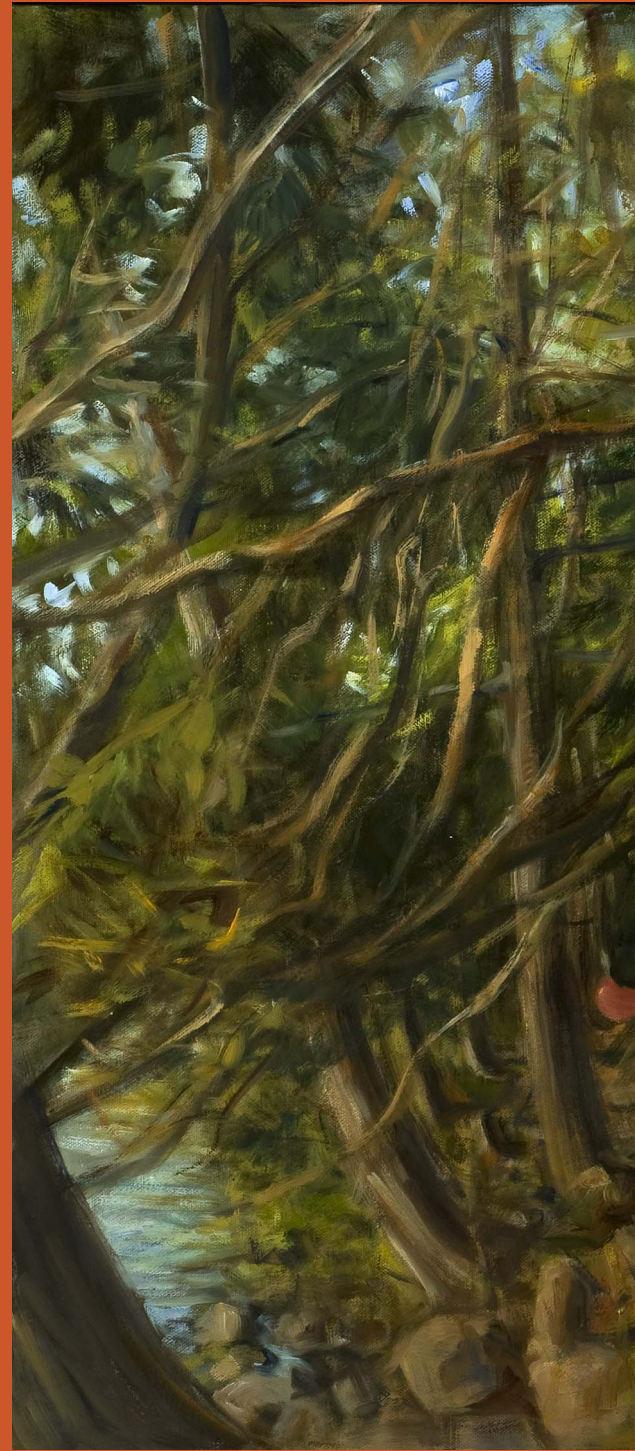
Alexandra Tyng

Poet:

Nicole Mauro

# *Hidden from View*

I, off  
path. Blame  
the obvious forward, that  
which  
which turned out  
not to have  
back. You brought me inside the tidy  
cottage,  
thought I was a  
goner. O  
I was—and you, you were just lying  
there like a pink  
towel sun-  
drying  
after a hand-  
launder. Ashore, all our under-  
things hung  
from the rafters. I have no idea for how long—today?—  
or what particles  
they were  
absorbing. I know this whole time  
I believed  
the hole  
in the corner, and seeing the dust off us  
creatures  
was just  
normal, that  
I should be dying  
already,  
which means  
you should be feeling me. Were it not for my warm  
forehead  
I'd say get in your kayak  
and row. To  
think,  
this whole time  
you could have been  
fleeing  
me.







Hidden From View oil on linen 24"x36"





## Alexandra Tyng

[www.alexandratyng.com](http://www.alexandratyng.com)

Born in Rome, Italy, Alexandra Tyng grew up in Philadelphia and taught herself traditional oil painting techniques by examining the work of the old masters and by watching other artists paint.

Alexandra Tyng is known for her portraits, figurative paintings, and her landscapes of Maine and the Philadelphia area. This year her portrait of architect Louis I. Kahn was accepted into the permanent collection of the National Portrait Gallery in Washington D.C. Her work is currently showing at the Butler Institute of American Art in *Inspiring Figures*, an exhibition exploring the roles of historic and contemporary American women artists as innovators, sources of inspiration, and mentors. Tyng's paintings have been featured in the March/April issue of *Poets and Artists*, *The Artist's Magazine*, *Fine Art Connoisseur*, *American Artist*, *International Artist*, and *Maine Home + Design*. In 2006 one of her aerial landscapes was included in *The Art of Monhegan*, a book edited by Carl Little and with a forward by Jamie Wyeth. She has had eight one-person shows and has participated in many juried exhibitions across the U.S. Her work hangs in many public and

private collections in the U.S. and abroad. She has received awards from the Portrait Society of America, the Allied Artists of America, the Woodmere Art Museum, and the Art Renewal Center. Alex is also the founder of "Portraits For the Arts," an ongoing philanthropic project that uses the power of portraiture to raise money for the arts in the Philadelphia area.

**Gallery Representation:** Fischbach Gallery, New York, NY; Gross-McCleaf Gallery, Philadelphia, PA; Dowling-Walsh Gallery, Rockland, ME; gWatson Gallery, Stonington, ME



## Nicole Mauro

Nicole Mauro has published poems and criticism in numerous print and online journals, including *Jacket*, *How2*, and *Western Humanities Review*. She is the author of six chapbooks, one full-length poetry collection, *The Contortions* (Dusie Books, 2009), and her second book, *Tax-Dollar Super-Sonnet Featuring Sarah Palin as Poet*, is forthcoming from Black Radish Books in 2011. She is the co-editor of an interdisciplinary book about sidewalks titled *Intersection: Sidewalks and Public Space* (with Marci Nelligan, ChainArts, 2008). She lives in the San Francisco bay area with her husband Patrick, and daughters Nina and Faye, where she teaches rhetoric and language at the University of San Francisco.

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of What's Hidden from View*

We began our collaboration simply. Alex and I decided she would send me samples of her most recent work (various landscapes and portraits) so I could get a sense of her aesthetic, and I would write a poem in response to one of the paintings that particularly appealed to me. The paintings she sent are rich, layered pieces of realism so disturbingly present it is difficult to distinguish any line—even the thinnest, faintest of ones—between actual scene/person and artistic representation. This is a wonderfully spooky, and disorienting, effect—one I did not expect Realism could have on me. In essence, Alex renders realism so realistically I almost cannot believe I am seeing the people and places she depicts so clearly. Though seemingly paradoxical, this effect is a surreal, or "super" real one where the actual and factual become dreamlike and Fantastical.

One of Alex's landscapes, "Hidden from View," is especially Fantastic. When I first saw it, I was struck by the suddenness of the cottage, the blurring of intimacy and distance, and the brilliant, though not entirely comfortable perspective Alex creates, putting the viewer in the role of trespasser and voyeur. In the painting, the cottage, fenced off (or is that in?) by undergrowth and under the verdant canopies of wild trees, is a cozy getaway situated in a precarious, remote place—close, very close to water, and away from other humans. The psychological possibilities of the people I imagined dwell there (are they briefly vacationing, or permanently staying? Do they feel happily removed and contained, or insulated and isolated in a home of their own making?) were too powerful not to impose poetic license and narrative scenario upon.

We titled our collaboration "In Pursuit of What's Hidden from View." Neither painting nor poem necessarily answers the question, though we think poem engages painting, and painting poem, and hope any aesthetic line we might have drawn between is a thin, faint one.

—NICOLE MAURO



In Pursuit Of

# ATLAS

Artist:

Judith Peck

Poet:

Andrew Demcak

# IN SEARCH OF ATLAS

School bored me, passed through it.  
No town worth mentioning.  
Settled in dwellings on the thin island.

Cultures were pared down.  
Titan friendships, Olympics of spirit.  
Dawn in the gray hours of oracle's smoke.

Laborious, too, the geography of diminished civilizations.  
Nature is a poem, matter-of-fact.  
The earth's weight, its pure form: almighty love.







*In Pursuit Of Atlas* oil on linen 36"x24"





## Judith Peck

[www.judithpeck.net](http://www.judithpeck.net)

Judith Peck has made it her life's work to paint about the history and healing of social injustice. A graduate of the George Washington University with a degree in fine arts, she has exhibited her work in venues nationwide, including International Arts & Artists' Hillyer Arts Space in Washington DC, the Center for Civil and Human Rights in Atlanta, GA, and the Rhonda Schaller Studio in Chelsea, NY, as well as in such print media as Ori Soltes' book *The Ashen Rainbow* and the San Francisco City Concert Opera Orchestra's announcement for "Die Weisse Rose."



## Andrew Demcak

[www.andrewdemcak.com](http://www.andrewdemcak.com)

Andrew Demcak is a children's librarian in Oakland, CA. He has been published in many places by many people. His work is represented by his literary agent Carolyn French at Fifi Osgood Inc. NY.

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of Atlas*

What drew me to Judith's work was a quality of light in her pieces. I was lucky enough to be able to see many different paintings, some she had completed, some were in progress. Her technique is marvelous. Everything glows. It was that kind of light that inspired my poem *In Search of Atlas* - the earth weighing so heavily on the figure, but still illuminated, illuminating, radiating its light which to me was a kind of "almighty love", a light like love.

—ANDREW DEMCAK



In Pursuit Of

# *Possibilities*

Artist:

Angelique Moselle Price

Poet:

Walter Bjorkman



*There's A Possibility 9"x12"*

## *There's A Possibility*



*With You, I Can Become 20"x12"*

What time and dreams can make the face  
that casts its glance with distanced eyes,  
its longing no longer hidden, lashings wild  
hair given to the wind, soul free to ride its promise

Beauty lies not in one's eyes but in  
their musings, the dream's design, the  
wants of horizons not yet formed, of robin's  
nest speckles wanting to be airborne

Desire stirs not always from afar, within  
each heart there must be future worlds, lovers  
persimmons and skies to dream upon, until  
the stirring cannot, will not be denied

Words from your searching lips suffice  
for now – then, rising in your ivory tower  
the voices from within, a whistle from afar  
the train to a wonderworld boarding on time

Take up now your satchel, travel light  
the rooms ahead are furnished, sun and stars  
your amenities, your wants your warmth  
possibilities your only fuel, your sustenance





(all are Prismacolor markers on Bristol paper)



*All That I Am* 9"x12"

What memories lie within the eyes  
that turn inward, anchors deep in silt,  
beams resting in the brine, lines still tethered  
to the barnacled residue of hardships past

Decay comes not from within, but from  
the ruins of time, from aging untouched,  
from lying lifeless in tangled mangroves  
no visions save of what can never be

Despair dwells not in the soul, but in  
mushroom-scented caves, stone walls of  
selflessness, while the morning vine scents  
linger unbreathed and unwanted upon the bough

Dreams must one day have their say, for if not  
then shall we not perish by their mere existence?  
Strength gleaned from the self, the inner design  
of desire, to bear you towards the sun

You must now put on a costume, veiling time's eyes,  
set forth to search for what dreams await you.  
All that you are your vessel, all that you will be  
your driving wind, your new land upon the horizon

## *All That I Am*





## Angelique Moselle Price

<http://eliq.ws/>  
<http://eliq.mosaicglobe.com/>  
<http://www.redbubble.com/people/Eliq>  
<http://www.eliq.deviantart.com/>

Angelique Moselle Price is an artist based out of Nashville, Tennessee. Creating art about people and their inspirational traits, she captures the essence of what makes humanity interesting and unique. In addition to portraiture, she creates characters out of her imagination that play out ideals and dreams she has for herself and others. People and their intriguing nature is the central theme throughout her work.

Angelique exhibits her originals, prints and clothing all over the world. She has been published in various art magazines including *Poets and Artists*, *Tattoos for Women*, and *International Tattoo*. Moreover, she has been featured various times on the Juxtapoz website, Red Bubble website, Deviant Art website and won the artist website competition for Mosaicglobe.com.

Price's heart is as big as her talent. She consistently contributes to charities to raise awareness and money for various causes. Some of these include, Artrageous, Holly Street Rocks, and Moonbears.org. She has been a part of local charities for her repairing her city after the flood, sponsoring Afghan women, and various Cancer Benefits.

Angelique was born in Broken Bow, Nebraska in 1978. She attended 13 schools by graduation and settled down in Nashville where she still resides. She studied fine art at Belmont University and Watkins College of Art and Design. She also studied, and became a tattoo artist in 2005.

Price has created a large body of work done entirely in markers. She has mastered this medium with remarkable skill resulting in an energetic and riveting execution. She has invented a method that makes her work stand out in its originality and vibrancy. Her art is a feast for the eyes and a mystery in it's methodical essence.



## Walter Bjorkman

<http://52250flash.wordpress.com/>  
<http://fuddyduddyfan.wordpress.com/>

Walter Bjorkman is a writer residing in Maryland. His poems and short stories have appeared online and in print in *Poets and Artists*, *Blue Print Review*, *Metazen* and *OCHO*. He is an editor at *52/250 - A Year of Flash*, and *VOICES*, which he founded with Michelle Elvy. Lately he is in a love affair with the wetlands and creatures that roam in it, just beyond his door.

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of Possibilities*

Neither of us had cross-collaborated previous to this attempt, and the excitement level was high from the beginning. In the first few weeks we got acquainted with each other's works, then came to a direction on what medium to use, which style of each other's works we enjoyed the most, and the idea, with the working title "In Pursuit of the Inner Quirk".

We wanted to show two individuals, each as they are about to journey out on their pursuit of possibilities that would alter their everyday world, and as it developed, a center panel with them just as they meet for the first time. Once the idea began, Angelique did the first piece, Walter followed with the first poem, and so on.

Both of us enjoyed the experience immensely, and are pleased to be included here. It has expanded our own possibilities for future works and we will long remember and cherish it.

—WALTER BJORKMAN



In Pursuit Of

# SILENCE IN CHARCOAL

Artist:

Brian Martin

Poet:

Sam Rasnake







# Silence in Charcoal

– after *Brian David Martin, Utterance*

The charcoaled stillness  
of the dark grows thick,  
but there are no words  
for this – only shadows  
and the one light as cold  
reminders to the room that  
the black window forgives  
the overturned table its why  
and how for mocking the chair.  
There must have been voices,  
strained or unwilling, but those  
rattles over the pallid kitchen floor  
have vanished into night's hard and  
silent grains outside the cool glass where  
another story with its meager sift, its flash  
of disconnection for the restless eye, wields  
such a desperate plot, and what is seen through  
the closed window at night is always vulnerable,  
singular, exact – lesson from Baudelaire. No bodies,  
no touch, no moving – just a long and willful silence.



## Brian Martin

[www.thebroadstreetstudio.com/brian.html](http://www.thebroadstreetstudio.com/brian.html)

Brian Martin earned his BFA in Illustration from Rhode Island School of Design and his MFA in Painting/Drawing from Indiana University of Pennsylvania. He has exhibited his art nationally from Texas to New England and is currently represented by Principle Gallery in Alexandria, VA. In 2008 he was an artist in residence at the Johnstown Bottleworks in Johnstown, PA where he co-curated "Calm Americans", an exhibition of work by national and international painters. During winter of 2008-09, he participated in the select four-person exhibition, "Framed Reality", at the Maryland Art Place in Baltimore, MD. He is a founding member of the artist group, The Broadstreetstudio([www.thebroadstreetstudio.com](http://www.thebroadstreetstudio.com)), which recently curated a 25 person exhibition at Principle Gallery that was featured in January 2010's issue of *American Artist Magazine*. He was featured in the March/April 2010 issue of *Poets and Artists Magazine* and will have a feature interview in *Blue Canvas Magazine* later this year. Most recently, he exhibited in "The Earth Project" at University of Baltimore where he participated in a five person discussion panel on art and the environment moderated by NPR host Lisa Simeone. In the meantime, Brian continues to paint, search for venues in which to exhibit, and enjoy life with his wife, Amy, in Seekonk, MA.



## Sam Rasnake

<http://samofthetenthousandthings.blogspot.com/>

Sam Rasnake's work has appeared recently in *FRIiGG*, *OCHO*, *Shampoo*, *BLIP*, *MIPOesias*, *Metazen*, *Six Sentences*, and *BluePrintReview*, as well as the anthologies *Best of the Web 2009* (Dzanc Books) and *BOXCAR Poetry Review Anthology 2*. He is the author of *Religions of the Blood* (Pudding House) and *Lessons in Morphology* (GOSS183), and *Inside a Broken Clock* (Finishing Line Press, forthcoming).

### Introspective: *Silence in Charcoal*

Brian David Martin, artist, and I explored various methods of collaboration that would, ultimately, produce two connected works of art and poetry. I shared some finished pieces of my own that reflected different forms, themes, styles, and tones as the poetry in some way reacted to or against, reflected or explained various works of art or the artists who created them, and I also explored many of Brian's works.

Brian's art – at least as I perceive it – reflects a contrast of tones, colors, mood and emotions in various levels of isolation. His work does move, of course, well beyond these limitations into broader styles and execution – but I was drawn toward a theme of isolation – especially those expressed in contrasting terms – in his works. I sought them out, studied them, and that led directly to my reflecting on my own similar writing.

—SAM RASNAKE



In Pursuit Of

# WOMEN

Artist:

Mary Carol

Poet:

Jamie Iredell



Prey oil on canvas 18"x18"



# In Pursuit of Women

Women are females who, in the process of their aging, have advanced beyond the age of teenager. In many cases, like, for example, in North America, consideration of womanhood takes place long after teenagerhood, and a subsidiary stage—young womanhood—must be passed through before womanhood is attained. However, in human history in most cultures across Earth, womanhood has been recognized from the time a female menstruates, or is advanced enough in age to facilitate the reproductive process. That said, the present entry is denoted “In Pursuit of Women” and therefore inquires into the behavior of those participating in this endeavor. There are, unfortunately, predators in pursuit of women. Although historically one would like to appropriate this predatory nature to wolves, jackals, tigers, sharks and other such mammalia and selachimorpha, most female human predation in the present geologic era is relegated to male humans. This is not the case with all males, it should be noted. However, should one view the typically Hollywood film, one would see females in their particular form of distress, in the metaphorical hands of antagonistic males. It should be noted that Hollywood, of course, is a purveyor of Truth. As such, women are entirely made of the following: slender hips, buxom breasts, pouting lips, glistening hair, and blemish-free skin. Should you encounter a woman who does not meet such criteria, the correct modicum of procedure is to first ask, Art thou a woman? Secondly, What big teeth you have!



## Mary Carol

Born and raised in Indianapolis, Ind. Attended Herron School of Art in 1971 for 2 yrs. Moved to Santa Barbara, California in 2002 and started painting and sculpting two years later. Mary Carol can't believe how lucky she is to finally be doing what she loves in paradise.

## Jamie Iredell

Jamie Iredell is the author of *Prose. Poems. a Novel.*, and *The Book of Freaks*. He lives in Atlanta, and roots for the Oakland A's.



### Introspective: *In Pursuit of Women*

I have a happy typo in the poem. "Typically" was supposed to be "typical". But now I like it. The "typically Hollywood film" makes syntactic sense. It's typically Hollywood to have buxom actresses in a film. That, of course, I'm making some fun of. It seems Mary's painting does as well. Her woman looks to be a little older than 22. Her breasts sag quite naturally. She has tan lines. I'm not sure of the medium, but it looks like watercolor: the soft, cloud-like hues speak to this woman's comfort there with her predator (which looks like a mountain lion). Meantime, a menacing male silhouette approaches in the near distance. It feels like, sans boobies and very large feline, this could be a poster for one of the Halloween franchise films.

—JAMIE IREDELL



In Pursuit Of

# MINUTIA

Artist:

April Carter Grant

Poet:

Denise Duhamel

# *In Pursuit of Minutia*

You are gone and I begin the scrapbook  
of pictures that contain your absence.  
There I am calling the morgues.  
Flip the page and I am with the cops  
who help me fill out a missing person's report.  
Oh, and here I am with the locksmith  
who is changing the deadbolt. What was his name?  
There I am pacing—not a very flattering angle.  
And here I am filling out financial statements  
for the divorce. There I am in the shower, scratching  
my neck raw, screaming your name.  
Here I am in the therapist's office, this time alone  
on her big couch we used to share.  
Oh wait, there are you are again.  
Your picture on local TV.  
You are a “dangerous person.” *If you see this man,  
do not approach him, says a voice. If you see this man,  
just call the number at the bottom of the screen.*  
The number is not mine. The voice is not me.







In Pursuit of Minutia digital painting 10"x8"



## Denise Duhamel

Denise Duhamel's most recent poetry titles are *Ka-Ching!* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2009); *Two and Two* (Pittsburgh, 2005); *Mille et un Sentiments* (Firewheel, 2005); *Queen for a Day: Selected and New Poems* (Pittsburgh, 2001); and *The Star-Spangled Banner* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1999). A bilingual edition of her poems, *Afortunada de mí* (Lucky Me), translated into Spanish by Dagmar Buchholz and David Gonzalez, was released with Bartleby Editores (Madrid) in 2008. A recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship, she is a professor at Florida International University in Miami.



## April Carter Grant

Raised in rural Illinois and now based in Los Angeles, April Carter Grant is a designer, web developer, and marketing consultant who helps new businesses launch. When time allows, she photographs, writes, and paints.

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of Minutia*

Denise's poem rattled me. I was struck by the idea of being emotionally encumbered and mentally distracted by an ex's trivial leave-behinds in the midst of a larger crisis.

—APRIL CARTER GRANT



In Pursuit Of

# POWER BAR

Artist:

Dan LD Grant

Poet:

Willie Perdomo









# Power Bar

Afternoon drowsy chew from the energy. Who got the power fight? Cliffhanger got tired of hanging like Donkey Kong—did something. Thirty seconds and boom; now you're ready. Not a commercial venture. When you hear the gun shot, take off, give it up, make sure you're in stride. *A grandes males, grandes remedios.* Caramel, cranberry, shot of zoom, right to the head. This lunchtime jog, power lunch, it's a wrap. Oatmeal raisin, radio conglomerate sun will strike your ass dead. Workout giggle, jungle gym noise, love happened on a tread mill. *Para dos que se quieren bien, con uno que coma basta.* Planet fitness, prison pull-ups, Batman rollups, five-hour energy, ready, set, stop. Where's the Judgement Day special package deal?



## Dan LD Grant

[www.danielgrantillustration.com](http://www.danielgrantillustration.com)

Dan LD Grant is an illustrator and gallery artist currently residing in Sherman Oaks, CA. Utilizing mixed media training for commercial illustration and responding with pop, surrealism, and urban artistic influences— LD creates dark humored responses to the over-saturated, media-hungry world. His is a notion that maybe (maybe?) piling non-sequiturs of historical, allegorical, and pop-culture reference will give a message to the artisanal work or the viewer. Or maybe the imagery is just a short attention-spanned illusion of meaning, visions of carnivorous vices disguised as diverting pleasantries and pastimes.

## Willie Perdomo

[www.willieperdomo.com](http://www.willieperdomo.com)

Willie Perdomo is the author *Where a Nickel Costs a Dime* and *Smoking Lovely*, which received a PEN America Beyond Margins Award. He has also been published in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Bomb*, *Mr. Beller's Neighborhood*, *OCHO*, and *African Voices*. He has been a Pushcart Prize nominee, a Woolrich Fellow in Creative Writing at Columbia University and is a 2009 fellow in Poetry from the New York Foundation for the Arts. He is co-founder/publisher of Cypher Books.





In Pursuit Of

# A DRIP, A SPARK

Artist:

Joshua Suda

Poet:

Michelle McEwen

#0058

SU







# In Pursuit of a Drip, a Spark

His compulsions, his obsession  
won't let him come in the house right away.

Even though it is two a.m. in the middle  
of winter; even though he just got through

putting in overtime at the P.O., he must,  
before coming inside, stand at the car— yanking

the door handles; it takes until they almost break  
for him to know they are locked. Down on one

knee, he looks under the car— for a drip, a spark,  
anything to justify this need. The neighbors, once,

took him for a thief and called the cops. Ma  
spins her index finger by her temple, calls daddy

crazy-sick. But I know it is more than this  
because his sighs fill up the whole outside.

This compulsion, this obsession  
drains him more than the three to eleven.



## Joshua Suda [www.thebroadstreetstudio.com/josh.html](http://www.thebroadstreetstudio.com/josh.html)

b.1978 Suda subtly seduces his audience with his play between ultra-photorealistic representation and haunting, or sometimes humorous, fiction. This play invites onlookers to participate in an intimate dialogue with his paintings, pushing us to question the boundaries between art and “real” life. Suda’s exceptional technical virtuosity blends meticulously with a shot of finely tuned imagination. In this way, his paintings seem to constantly refer to, yet firmly reject, the Renaissance ideal of painting’s role as a “window” into another world. Half-hidden faces break unexpectedly into the viewer’s space, and painted models pose behind painted frames encased in yet another frame. Playful and poignant, Joshua Suda’s work uses precise technical proficiency as a vehicle to coax and twist reality into something provocatively original.

Suda Has had numerous honors and awards bestowed upon him along with his work shown nation wide from New York City to LA California. He is a founding member of the Broad Street Studio and second generation member/ recruiter for The Knights of T.F.D. He is represented by the Skotia Gallery in Santa Fe NM and the Principle Gallery in Alexandria VA.

Bio taken from the Skotia Gallery website. <http://www.skotiagallery.com/joshua-suda-bio.php>



## Michelle McEwen

<http://loosey1975.blogspot.com/>  
<http://poetrychaingang.blogspot.com/>  
<http://theblacktelephone.blogspot.com/>

Michelle McEwen, poet/storyteller and author of *Delicious Dangerous* (a poetry chapbook published by Didi Menendez for the MiPoesias Chapbook Series in 2010) and *Trouble* (an e-chapbook of short stories published in 2010 by Wordrunner at [www.echapbook.com](http://www.echapbook.com) ), has had work published in *Poets and Artists*, *The Caribbean Writer*, *The Best New Poets 2007* (an anthology), and *Woman’s Work* (a short story anthology). In 2009, her poem “Sucker” was nominated for the Pushcart prize. When she isn’t busy writing or reading, she is busy doing something poetry related.

### Introspective: *In Pursuit of A Drip, A Spark*

The artwork came first and then the poem. When we, Josh Suda and I, first started this project, I had wanted to write the poem first and have artist Josh Suda do a painting from the poem. However, the poem wasn’t coming. Joshua, later, sent me some paintings and I stared at them for a while— trying to feel for a poem, trying to “grow” a poem, trying to summons a poem. Out of the four paintings he sent to me, the one with the male screaming (which he titled #58 or \$@\*!%#) stood out to me. I knew I had the poem for it. A while ago, for a poetry assignment, I was instructed to write a “compulsion” poem. I never got around to writing it, but I brainstormed and took notes on what I would have included in the poem. I hung on to the notes for later use. When I saw Josh Suda’s painting, I knew what I had to do: write the compulsion poem. It just seemed to fit. The man in the painting is not screaming a scream of “help, I’m being attacked.” It is more of a “save me from myself” scream and I think my poem *In Pursuit of a Drip, a Spark* conveys that sort of save-me-from-myself helplessness.

—MICHELLE McEWEN



In Pursuit Of

# THE STREETS

Artist:

**Daniel Ochoa**

Poet:

**Erika Moya**

# The streets are adopting silence this night

**Arches below arches  
a tailored vein  
a name, a street**

**shell stiffens like a mask  
beneath the skin, coins are placed**

**drain sour from breath  
Ochre eyes  
bronzed lips**

**lightning searches  
for some earth to thread**

**must be grounded,  
in this all, somehow**

**hidden by a phalanx of white masks  
that subtract the nose, the mouth**

**simple shapes, umbra and penumbra of lips  
fracture and fissure of skin, please**

**choose which  
empty shells**

**which faces to mourn  
and which to forget**









## Daniel Ochoa

[www.danielochoa.com](http://www.danielochoa.com)

Daniel Ochoa was born in 1980 in Santa Rosa, California and is currently living in Brooklyn, New York. He is a full time artist and recently had a Solo Exhibition at Julie Nestor Gallery in Park City, Utah where his featured painting “Veo Self Retrato” is currently available.



## Erika Moya

Erika Moya’s poetry has appeared in *2River View*, *UNSAID Magazine*, *Prick of the Spindle* and *Connotation Press*. Her poetry has been featured in *Apostrophe Cast* and the *Best American Poetry* blog. Erika co-hosts the *Stain of Poetry* reading series in the Bushwick neighborhood of Brooklyn, where she lives.

### Introspective: *The Streets Are Adopting Silence This Night*

Daniel Ochoa sent me the picture seen in this issue of *Poets and Artists* and when I asked if I could view more of his work he directed me to his site. Normally, when I write a poem, it begins with a fragment, be it a line or a word. The image Ochoa sent me was one conveying a layered existence, a fractured identity. The portrait could be viewed as both featureless and yet the layers give it a sense of multiplicity, though one not easily pinned down to particulars. I was excited to work with Ochoa and his piece in that I felt it wasn’t a “narrative” work. It contained a multiplicity and he presents this well in his omission of certain features and “narration” of others. The words for “eye” and “hair” can be made out next to the area which they address. I had been working on a poem I felt mask-like in quality a year prior to seeing Ochoa’s work. I came back to that poem and took a line which I then worked from. I sent Ochoa a draft of the initial poem and he liked where it was going so I continued.

—ERIKA MOYA





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